

GUIDE

TO

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

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For the Guide to Christian Perfection.

PRINCIPLES OF THE INTERIOR OR HIDDEN LIFE.

No. XIII.

ON THE INTERIOR TRIALS AND DESOLATIONS OF THOSE WHO ARE SANCTIFIED.

It is perhaps a common opinion, that those who have experienced the grace of sanctification, are not very much inwardly tried and afflicted. They are supposed to possess not only an inheritance of constant peace, but of much joy.

That a sanctified person is never in darkness, in one sense of the term, viz. *condemnatory* darkness; in other words, that he never loses the grace of a confiding trust in God and of solid internal peace, which his Savior has given to him as his inheritance, is undoubtedly true. If there ever be an exception, as for instance when the mental powers are depressed and darkened by the pressure of some physical disease, yet such exceptions are, probably, few in number, and are not to be regarded as essentially affecting the general doctrine.

But, although those who are wholly devoted to God, may be said always to have a solid and permanent peace, it is not true, that they are exempt from heavy afflictions both external and internal. On the contrary, there is some reason to believe, that those who love most will suffer most; that those who are the strongest in the Lord, will have the heaviest burden to bear. "In the world," says the Savior, "ye shall have tribulation." "For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ,"—says the Apostle, in his epistle to the Philippians, "Not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake." It is important to understand this, to know that it is our lot and our privilege to be partakers of Christ's sufferings, so that those who enter upon the internal and narrow way, may not be discouraged and overcome in the season of heavy trial. Satan will say to them at such times, Where is now your God? And it is exceedingly desirable that they should know how to answer him.

FIRST. — It is reasonable to suppose, that a holy soul, one that has experienced the richness of sanctifying grace, will oftentimes be much afflicted in consequence of not finding in others a spirit corresponding to its own. In the present state of the world, when practical holiness is but partially understood and still less realized, such a soul, although the social principle remains strong in it, is necessarily solitary to a considerable degree. How can it enter with spirit and eagerness into worldly conversation? How can it participate with any degree of relish in vain worldly amusements and pleasures? How, then, can it feel otherwise than alone? Such souls are sometimes borne down with the desire of imparting to others the spiritual tidings which God has inwardly communicated to them. But they find few, and perhaps none, that are ready and willing to hear. They sit in solitary places, because the world, O, my God, and many that have named thy name, know thee not.

SECOND. — They are afflicted in view of the condition of the church. With all disposition to be grateful for what amount of piety there is, and also to make all due allowance for the deficiencies that exist, they feel, and cannot help feeling, that the church is, to a considerable extent, in bondage. They see, very distinctly, that she lives far below her duties and her privileges; those duties and privileges to which her God calls her. It is their sympathy with the Divine mind, as well as their sorrow for the church, which affects them. How can they possibly be happy in view of the insulted honor and the disregarded beneficence of the God whom they love? How can they possibly refrain from weeping, when the church, for whom their bleeding Savior has purchased garments of light, voluntarily walk in sordid and defiled habiliments?

THIRD. — They have feelings of deep compassion and sorrow for sinners, which others have not. We would not assert that these feelings are always stronger than those of other persons; but they appear to be more deeply rooted in the mind; more thoroughly based upon principle; more permanent and unchangeable. In view of the situation of sinners, they may even be said to have continual heaviness; not a heaviness which is periodical; which goes and comes with change of circumstances; but is, at least, in a modified sense of the term, continual. There is this peculiarity, however, that their sorrow, however deep it may be, is always calm. While they think much of sinners, they think more of God. And they know that God will be glorified, though sinners are destroyed. This consideration imparts a tranquillity of mind, which may sometimes be supposed to originate in absence of feeling. This calm, deep-rooted sorrow, in view of the danger of sinners and of the dishonor which they put upon God, although in accordance with the laws of the human mind it has its alternations with other feelings, and is subject to occasional variations, may yet be said, with a high degree of truth, to be always with them. In this respect peculiarly, they sympathize with the blessed Savior in bearing the burden of the cross; who on account of others more than on his own, was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

FOURTH.—But this is not all. God sometimes sees fit to impose upon these, his beloved children, internal as well as external crosses. There seems to be almost a necessity for this. "The life which they now live, they live by faith on the Son of God." The Christian life is truly and emphatically a life of faith. A life of faith is necessarily the opposite of a life of direct vision. And how can the principle of faith operate, much more how can it acquire strength, unless God shall at times withdraw himself from the direct vision, and leave the soul to its own obscurity? If a man, wishing to test the spirit of obedience in his son, commands the son to follow him in a certain direction, does he not render his own test unavailable, by taking him by the hand and dragging him along? And so our heavenly Father, if he wishes to test and to strengthen our faith, must he not sometimes take us out of the region of openness and clearness of sight, and place us in the midst of entanglements, uncertainties, and shadows? What we need, what we must have, what is absolutely indispensable to our interior salvation, is faith; faith which gives the victory; faith strong, unwavering, adamantine. It was by want of faith that we fell; it is by want of faith that we are kept in continual bondage; and it is only by the restoration of faith that we can sunder the chains that shackle us, and walk forth disenthralled and regenerated. But faith can never arise to that degree of invigoration, which our necessities so imperiously demand, while we are permitted to walk continually in the field of open vision and under the sunlight of present manifestations. Hence there seems to be a necessity, that he who has made us and who loves us with an infinity of love, should, nevertheless, sometimes wrap himself in the majesty of uncreated darkness, in order that we may learn the great lesson of following God without seeing Him, and of appreciating his uttered word, his simple declaration, at the same value with his manifested realities and acts. It is here, then, that we find the secret reason, that God sees fit to leave to interior desolations and sorrows those who are truly his sanctified people. Hence it is, that he not only shows us the vanities of the world, and the desolations of the church, the present and prospective wretchedness of impenitent sinners, a burden without any thing else to enhance it which is heavy to be borne; but he also withdraws at times the light of present manifestations; he withholds the comfort of inward sensible joys; he leaves the understanding, and even the affections in a painful paralytic state of stupor and comparative aridity; he permits Satan, in addition to these fearful evils, to assail us with his fiery darts, injecting into the intellect a multitude of unholy thoughts, and besieging us continually with sharp and varied temptations. But there still remains the blessed privilege of believing. We can still say, our expectation is from the Lord. We still have the privilege of declaring, even in the deep dejection and brokenness of our hearts, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

Happy are they, who endure these grievous trials without shrinking. Thrice happy, who, like defeated soldiers that have lost all but honor, can still assert, the enemy has not taken the standard with which they went into

battle; and that in the loss of all things, they still retain their confidence in God. But in reality this is not defeat; nor is it the loss of all things, but rather present victory; and the ultimate and abundant recovery of all that had been taken away. Such a soul is not only redeemed, but purified. It has passed through the decisive test, the object of which is to ascertain whether it loves God for himself or for his favors, and has not been found wanting. If there were dross upon it before, it has been burnt off in this fiery trial. In the purification and strengthening of our faith, (that glorious principle which unites us to God, and which opens in the heart the full fountains of submission, gratitude and love,) we are recompensed, and more than recompensed, for the temporary loss of all outward goods and all interior consolations. Henceforth there is union between the soul and its beloved. It has no more occasion to say, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" He returns with assurances that wipe away present tears, and give the presage of future victories. God, in his condescension, permits himself to be conquered. Infinite love is led captive.

In closing these remarks, we take the liberty to introduce to the reader some stanzas of Madame Guyon, translated into English by the poet Cowper, which seem in a happy manner to express the state of a soul which is temporarily left to interior desolations.

A. K.

STANZAS OF MADAME GUYON.

[TRANSLATED BY COWPER.]

'T was my purpose, on a day,
To embark and sail away;
As I climbed the vessel's side,
Love was sporting in the tide.
"Come," he said, — "ascend — make haste,
Launch into the boundless waste."

Many mariners were there,
Having each his separate care;
They that rowed us, held their eyes
Fixed upon the starry skies;
Others steer'd, or turn'd the sails
To receive the shifting gales.

Love, with power divine supplied,
Suddenly my courage tried;
In a moment it was night;
Ship and skies were out of sight;
On the briny wave I lay,
Floating rushes all my stay.

Did I with resentment burn
At this unexpected turn?

Did I wish myself on shore,
Never to forsake it more ?
No — " My soul " — I cried, " be still ;
If I must be lost, I will."

Next he hasten'd to convey
Both my frail supports away ;
Seized my rushes ; bade the waves
Yawn into a thousand graves ;
Down I went, and sunk as lead,
Ocean closing o'er my head.

Still, however, life was safe ;
And I saw him turn and laugh ;
" Friend," he cried, " adieu ! lie low,
While the wint'ry storms shall blow ;
When the spring has calm'd the main,
You shall rise and float again."

Soon I saw him, with dismay,
Spread his wings and soar away ;
Now I mark his rapid flight ;
Now he leaves my aching sight ;
He is gone, whom I adore ;
'T is in vain to seek him more.

How I trembled, then, and fear'd,
When my LOVE had disappear'd !
" Wilt thou leave me thus," I cried,
" Whelm'd beneath the rolling tide ?"
Vain attempt to reach his ear !
LOVE was gone, and would not hear.

Ah ! return and love me still ;
See me subject to thy will ;
Frown with wrath, or smile with grace,
Only let me see thy face !
Evil I have none to fear ;
All is good, if thou art near.

Yet he leaves me — cruel fate !
Leaves me in my lost estate —
Have I sinn'd ? O, say wherein ;
Tell me, and forgive my sin !
King, and Lord, whom I adore,
Shall I see thy face no more ?

Be not angry ; I resign,
Henceforth, all my will to thine ;

I consent that thou depart,
Though thine absence break my heart ;
Go, then, and for ever too ;
All is right, that thou wilt do.

This was just what LOVE intended ;
He was now no more offended ;
Soon as I became a child,
LOVE return'd to me and smiled ;
Never strife shall more betide,
'Twixt the Bridegroom and his Bride.

For the Guide to Christian Perfection.

WORD OF EXHORTATION.

It is greatly to be regretted, and calls for the lamentations of the weeping prophet, that the doctrine of present sanctification is no more embraced and acted upon in our churches. That there is a more glorious state of the church foretold in the Old Testament, and that in the New, the church appears putting on this glory, is generally understood. But the error of the church is, that she does not at once, individually, and as a body, embrace this view, and perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord. It is readily conceded, that we need more of the power of godliness. And where is the secret of this power ? In the affections, in the heart. We need a deeper work of grace in the heart ; yea, the turning of the whole heart to the Lord. The want of this, is the cause of all the darkness, doubt and coldness, that rests upon the churches. The *heart* is *not right*. Perfect love is lacking. Therefore we render to the Lord a cold and formal service ; the service of a hireling ; not that of sons and daughters. The servant, discontented with his wages, negligent in his services, impatient under rebuke, is often seeking other places of rest and enjoyment. Not so with the grateful and affectionate child. To him, "there's no place like home." He abides in his father's love, and enjoys all the privileges that this love can confer. And is our heavenly Father less gracious ? Is it nothing to us, the treasures of his love ? O, yes. He can impart to us, by his Spirit, more joy than the heart of man hath conceived. This he does give to those that love him with all the heart. It is the children's bread, and he who feeds upon it asks nothing more. Can they

claim to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, who by their own confession are feeding on husks? Do they thus honor their Father? O Christian, examine thine heart in the light of God's truth, and see where and what thou art. I leave thee with a text to meditate upon, to pray over — "*If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.*" H. G.

LOVE TO GOD THE SOURCE AND SUPPORT OF TRUE
OBEDIENCE.

To dispose our minds thoroughly for those religious performances to which we are called, we should above all things possess our hearts with such a conviction and remembrance of God's love to us, as will naturally tend to excite us to return all possible degrees of love to him. Love is a most vigorous affection of the soul; a principle of action that works and exerts itself after an omnipotent manner, as if it resembled that miraculous faith which could remove mountains. It is an affection that bears up against all difficulties, that breaks through all opposition, that spares no cost, that begrudgeth nothing either of time or labor, and that engageth all the faculties of the soul in such generous undertakings as dull and selfish natures are hardly capable even of understanding. In short, it is such a commanding passion, as brings a man into captivity with his own consent, and makes him pleasantly and cheerfully a vassal. And as this affection is more and more purified, so it increaseth in its vigor; and when it is a divine love, placed upon God, and upon the Son of God, it is a most active and delightful principle of obedience to his will in all things. It is that which inspired the Apostles, and other such saints of Christ, (especially in the beginning of Christianity,) to do and to suffer all that was possible for Christ's name, with that resolution, cheerfulness, and zeal, which has made them so renowned throughout all ages. "The love of Christ constraineth us," saith St. Paul. (2 Cor. v. 14.) And to omit other instances, I cannot but remember the ardent zeal of that famous imitator of St. Paul, Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, who declared, that all the kingdoms of the world would do him no good without martyrdom; and that he had much rather die for Christ, and to be with Christ, than be Monarch of the whole earth; and the true cause of this his flaming zeal was, the great sense he had of Christ's wonderful love in dying for the world.

I have briefly observed these things to show that love is a most powerful affection, when it is sincere and earnest. Of all the affections of the soul, it is that which will not be concealed or lie idle. There is a vehemence in the nature of it which will break forth and discover the desires and delights that are within. And, therefore, to fit and temper our minds duly for those performances which God looketh for, as a genuine return on our part for his abundant love to us all, and as necessary means in order to the final and everlasting fruition of himself, we must raise our affections to this high and noble pitch, to love the Lord our God with all our heart, and with all our soul, and with all our mind. Our Savior there calls it the first and great commandment, not only because it is of prime obligation, but moreover, because it is the main genuine spring whence all acts of obedience to God do naturally flow.

Indeed, Solomon tells us that the "fear" of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and doubtless the consideration of God's power and justice is a very necessary thing to keep people in awe; nay, the only thing that is a check upon those who would not stick to commit iniquity with greediness, were it not for fear of God's judgments in this world, and of hell torments in the next. But though there is (and ought to be) in the best and most holy people, a fear of God, and a dread of his displeasure, — a fear that is well-pleasing to God, and very useful to themselves; yet, in those truly pious hearts, it is attended and mixed with a very ardent love; and so it is an ingenuous fear, a filial reverence, like that regard which dutiful and affectionate children have for their dear parents; at the same time that they are afraid of their displeasure, they obey with cheerfulness and love. It is love, — that most generous affection of the soul, — which makes this fear such a good and kindly principle of action; and the warmer our love is, the more extensive, hearty, and acceptable will our obedience be.—*Dr. E. Pelling.*

For the Guide to Christian Perfection.

EXPERIENCE OF A LADY.

FROM my earliest recollections, I was convinced of my sinful state, and the awful consequences of living and dying unreconciled to God, and often resolved to seek the Lord, and yield myself obediently to his laws.

I constantly prayed in secret, yet refused to confess Christ before men, saying, "Go thy way for this time, when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." Thus I continued grieving and rejecting the spirit of God, boasting myself of the morrow, till eighteen years of my precious time had glided into eternity. In the spring of 1838, I determined to commence the work of repentance, and no sooner was this resolution formed, than I prostrated myself before the Lord, in the attitude of prayer.

I asked, expecting pardon. It soon appeared that my sins, though towering like mountains, were all removed. A heavenly calm pervaded my mind, and while looking at the mysterious change wrought, a voice whispered, Praise the Lord. I cried Glory! Glory! Glory to God! for redeeming grace and dying love.

I felt that I was indeed born of God, and bound for heaven. Thus I went on for some months, frequently hearing sanctification spoken of, but without comprehending the meaning thereof.

At length I perceived that though my sins had been forgiven, the dire root and seed still remained, and I was in imminent danger of being betrayed by my inward foes. I became alarmed in consequence of my unlikeness to my Savior and want of deadness to the world, and was led to seek for the "hidden life," for an entire conformity to the will of my Lord.

Sometimes I believed this great blessing within my grasp; again unbelief would suggest, you cannot be wholly saved from sin in this mortal state. With fasting and prayer, I sought an application of that "blood which cleanseth from all unrighteousness." But on examination, I found I had not that *present* faith necessary to bring the present blessing.

September, 1839, hearing of a camp-meeting, to be holden at Dixmont, Maine, I made arrangements to attend, hoping never to leave the ground, till my whole being should be completely sanctified to God. The close of the second day came, and found me unblest. I became almost discouraged.

At this time, Br. H., our circuit preacher, came into the tent, and after attending prayers with us, observed that for some reasons unknown to him, he felt embarrassed whenever he came into our tent, and judged there was something wrong among us. I felt the force of his remarks, and applying them to myself, fell on my knees in an agony, resolving to make, at that very moment, an entire consecration of my all to God. The contest between the flesh and spirit was sharp; my mind became darker, and under a deep sense of the depravity of my nature, I cried out, almost in despair, "My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken

me." The burden was greater than nature could sustain, and prostrate beneath its load, I could not pray, but only sigh and groan for "full redemption in the blood of the Lamb."

Now faith sprang up; my burden was removed, peace and joy filled every avenue of my soul, and I was able to understand the meaning of the great apostle, when he said, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

The remainder of the meeting was to me glorious. As I retired from the encampment, and returned homeward, every object on which the eye could rest, seemed vocal with the praise of God. From that time to the present hour, I have felt the constant application of that blood which makes the foulest clean. I have been enabled to say, "Not my will, but thine, O God, be done."

Although Satan has been permitted to tempt, and the world to rise in arms against the doctrines of Jesus, I still feel my confidence is unshaken, and am resolved, whether in prosperity or adversity, whether on the mount, or in the vale, enjoyment, or no enjoyment, to rely constantly on Christ, the sinner's only hope and hiding place.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, for what he has done for thee.

Palermo, Me.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

The following letter, to a sister, has been kindly furnished for the Guide.

DEAR SISTER, — I will comply with your request and give a brief account of my experience in relation to the subject of sanctification. In early life, I was counselled by a godly mother, to seek my soul's salvation, but was so involved in present pleasures, that I heeded not her admonition, but grew sceptical, as I advanced in life, doubting the existence of God and a hereafter, till the year of 1828, when I became distressed in view of my situation on account of sin, and felt *if* there was a hereafter, there would be a *hell*. For, to be obliged to keep such company as my mother's, and kindred spirits, for ever, unprepared, would be the greatest hell conceivable. To have been permitted to sink in an eternal oblivion, would have been a great solace to my troubled spirit. In September, 1832, I was induced to attend a camp-meeting, at Lincoln, where I found relief to my burdened heart, and a witness of my acceptance with the Lord, on my return, the

afternoon of the same day ; and now realizing that there was a God, and he my friend, caused raptures of joy.

I, soon after this, commenced reading the life of H. A. Rogers, and thought I enjoyed all that she expressed, but soon found the ardor of my first love subsiding ; and then, truly, felt the need of a deeper work of grace wrought in my heart, but was greatly opposed by my Orthodox brethren in my effort to secure the blessing of entire sanctification ; which I felt fully assured was attainable. On hearing the Rev. C. G. Finney preach, I obtained the blessing, in the spring of 1838 ; but not understanding the nature of the blessing, I soon lost it through unbelief. Then there was a rapid downhill course with me, till I heard President Mahan preach, during the succeeding summer, who spoke of a peace that was like a river ; which, he said, it was our privilege to enjoy. This was what I desired ; but how to attain it I knew not. Soon after this, in August, I attended the Eastham camp-meeting, where I hoped to receive the blessing ; but I had made such a retrograde movement, that I had not now a clear evidence of my acceptance with the Lord. I was free to express my feelings, and solicited prayers in my behalf, remarking, I did not ask for peace or joy, but that God would shew me of what consisted the exceeding sinfulness of sin ; that I might loathe, abhor, and renounce it for ever. The second day, while pleading the promise, "ask, and it shall be given," I felt my sins forgiven ; and again, peace and joy filled my breast as at first. How truly precious the Savior now ; all was peace ; and I thought I had obtained all that the Methodists receive, when they experience the blessing of sanctification being reclaimed from a backslidden state. Happy, seemingly, as I could be, I knew not what more I could have than I now enjoyed ; but I recollected that I had had periodical seasons of revivals and barrenness in my heart, sinning and repenting, till my soul loathed life ; and now, how this present revival can be made lasting, engrossed my thoughts. I felt I must have greater strength than I possessed in good resolutions, to retain it. I watched the prayers of the sanctified, and found they exercised faith I did not have ; my joys might have been as great, but their language I could not use. With deep solicitude, I inquired of one and another respecting the blessing ; desirous of having a thorough work wrought in my heart, if there was not. A great many terms were used I did not understand, some of which were, "being filled with all the fulness of God," — "Christ dwelling in the heart by faith," &c. I expected with the receiving of the blessing, all the glories of heaven would burst upon my view, and I should probably be overpowered by the same ; but I was looking for

too much. A sister, from one of the tents, hearing of my case, came and inquired me out, asking the state of my mind, and of the obstacles that were in the way of obtaining the blessing; to which I replied, if I receive the blessing, I cannot retain it. I must speak of it in our meetings, which I could not do; I was so diffident. Others might enjoy it, but I could not. Said she, Trust the retaining of it to the Lord; and yourself in his hands to give you strength as you need it. He will never call you to do a work which he will not fully prepare you for; and he is as willing to bless you, as any other soul. Various other things I stated, some of which, she said, were temptations; others, I had nothing to do with; just give yourself and them up to the Lord; he will take care of you; or to this effect. I felt greatly encouraged and retired to the grove, and dedicated myself to the Lord anew; but the blessing was delayed. Again I returned, feeling I had given up all, but would do it again; and one item at a time, which I did, till I came to the very last, which I told the Lord I would give, but my affections would not let it go; I was astonished, and said it again, but there was no relinquishing. I arose from my knees and walked backward and forward, nearly half an hour, constantly saying, I will give it; but still was not willing God should take it from me, if he should see fit so to do, until it was presented in this light; Here's your idol for a short life, which was held up in contrast with the glories of heaven, for eternity, for me to decide which I would have. Christ shall be my portion — that instant all was yielded. I now saw I could ask for the greatest blessing I could conceive of, and have it as I asked; for I had now no will of my own. God's will was mine, and what he would choose to give, I should choose to ask. Should I ask for riches or honors? No. I had just given them to my Savior. But I asked for an evidence that I could not doubt, of the work wrought in my heart, which he gave, just as I asked. I returned to the tent and sat down to reflect upon what I had been doing, and saw of what giving up one's self to the Lord consisted, and that it is no vain thing so to do entirely. I now felt the heart to be entirely cleansed, and saw in Christ's redemption a fulness; for in him all fulness dwells; and that he had taken full possession of the temple which he had made meet for himself. Without the slightest emotion, I commenced speaking to a brother, saying, I could now tell him the difference between justification and sanctification. As I proceeded, my views and feelings began to enlarge and increase, while a stream of blessedness seemed gradually to be flowing into my soul; and with such a consciousness of God's presence, as deeply to humble me in the

dust. I had often heard individuals say they felt God to be in their souls, and there was always something very revolting in the expression to me. But now, I not only felt him to be in my soul, but every where present; even the leaves of the trees, as they were moved by the gentle breezes, seemed to speak forth the highest praises in their silence, to the God of heaven; and such a glory as filled the whole expanse, is indescribable. He now discovered to me, of what consisted the exceeding sinfulness of sin, which was selfishness. I saw that its tendency was to bring the whole world into subjection to self, not even excepting the Supreme Ruler of the universe; even him who now revealed himself as filling immensity; as being infinitely pure and holy, and infinite in his love to me; although my life was written out in full, in this one word, selfishness. The contrast between infinite love and supreme selfishness, filled my heart with sorrow. I felt to loathe myself on account of sin, as I never did before. It was astonishing, to think how God could notice such a worthless being as myself; I felt I was infinitely beneath his notice; much more beneath his notice, than the vilest reptile of earth is beneath that of man. While viewing myself with deep abhorrence, there was to my mental vision an opening in the heavens, which gave for a moment, a view of eternity; and at the same time, that selfishness extended far and wide, and all were rushing to that changeless state; for a short season, such a worth of souls as was rolled upon me, such desire for their salvation, and such distress lest they should be lost, as I feel I could not have long endured, had it continued. But it was soon, in a measure removed; but an ardent desire remained for the purity of the church, which seemed to be of the highest importance to secure the salvation of a lost world; and withal, a perfect resignation, which produced a sweet serenity of soul, heavenlike indeed. O, the blessedness of having a consciousness of the heart cleansed from sin. How privileged! For the pure in heart shall see God.

Now, thought I, How shall I retain this blessing in my business? what shall I do? At this juncture, this promise was applied, "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will, with the temptation, open a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it," — and immediately another, "My grace is sufficient for you." I felt to say in my heart, this is enough. He will fulfil what omnipotence hath spoken. And I cast my entire being upon these promises with perfect confidence, feeling assured it would be even so. And thus I have found it. Praise the Lord for grace to live by the moment.

I was now led to watch for the first temptation, wondering

what it would be; which occurred while speaking about it. It was a feeling of hunger. I felt I must have something to eat, immediately; and while thinking I would go and get some nice bit, as I had too frequently done before, it was suggested, this is your first temptation; in a moment, the hungry feeling was gone, and I felt to rejoice, that I had caught the tempter in urging me to indulge in a heretofore besetting sin; that, of indulging in luxuries; which led me to decide, I would touch nothing of the kind, and that no part of my happiness should consist in simply gratifying my appetite. My Savior now met the want, and gave such a flood of blessedness as filled my soul, and in every succeeding denial that I made for him, that I felt I was superlatively blest in so doing.

I now made it a point in every thing, to live a life of self-denial, — scrupulously nice about little things, particularly in dress, eating, drinking, sleeping and the spending of money; felt all those selfish propensities must be crucified. For Paul said, he “would endeavor to keep his body under, lest after he had preached to others, he himself might become a cast-away.” And I felt, if there was danger with Paul, it became me to have a rigorous watch over my every thought and feeling; even in what might be innocently gratified. And, by the grace of God assisting, my unruly propensities and passions should be brought in subjection to my higher faculties.

Jesus Christ is to me now, just what he is represented to be, a Savior; and gives the sealing evidence of my heirship, even the spirit of promise, with which he seals his own unto the day of redemption of the purchased possession, which is a rich antepast of my future inheritance in my blessed Savior, which I am permitted to enjoy to the extent of my powers. To whom be praise and glory, for ever.

With my sincerest wishes for your future usefulness, I remain yours in the bond of Christian affection.

A CONGREGATIONALIST. C— N—.

For the Guide to Christian Perfection.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER.

OBERLIN, December, 1841.

DEAR BR. KING: — It is but recently I learned of the existence of your little messenger of love, and I cheerfully comply with the wishes of others in adding my testimony to the fulness and richness of the salvation which is

by faith in Christ Jesus. I design, therefore, as perhaps the best way of effecting this, to give a brief account of my past life, with the dealings of the Lord toward me, and submit the communication to your judgment — as you may deem for the best.

Although the child of pious parents and the subject of many prayers, and brought up amid the restraints and religious privileges of a New England city, yet, unknown to my parents, at an early age I became associated with vile and abandoned companions, and in a short time proceeded to such lengths, as to glory in surpassing them in obscene and blasphemous expressions, and youthful villanies. Indeed were I to enter into the particulars, every virtuous mind must be shocked and disgusted at the recital, and unless acquainted with facts upon this point, would be inclined perhaps to discredit the statement. But not to unfold this dark picture of early depravity, at the age of fourteen, I had become an adept in deceit, hardened in sin and ripe for ruin. At this time, I left my father's house to gratify a longing desire to become a clerk in a mercantile establishment. Instead, however, of going, as I anticipated, to New York City, far different was my ultimate place of destination — a flourishing yet retired village in Massachusetts, where a work of grace was already in progress; — and here I was placed under the care of a devoted man of God. In this the interposing hand of God's providence was peculiarly manifest, since in the former case, removed from salutary restraints, with a will unsubdued, and unbridled appetites, passions and lusts to gratify, for which abundant opportunities were not wanting, I should have plunged into the very depths of crime, and become an abandoned villain, lost to decency, as well as virtue and happiness. But I speak after the manner of men; "for with God, all things are possible." As it was, I soon became, as I then supposed, a subject of converting grace, and, in company with a large number, as the fruits of the revival, united with the church. Whether at this time I had experienced a radical change of heart is extremely doubtful, although a very great change was apparent in my feelings and course of life; and for many months after I supposed I enjoyed the love of God in my soul. But my religious history for more than eight years subsequently may be comprised in a few words. Mine was a religion so rife at the present time, which may properly be designated a sympathetic, periodical religion. It accommodates itself to outward circumstances, and requires its possessor to engage actively in the work of the Lord only when sanctioned by public opinion, and when it would be entirely out of character to stand aloof, an idle spectator. In general it is divorced from the business and every day occurrences of life, and for the most part can be enjoyed consistently with conformity to the world and almost any thing short of gross immorality. The word is at first perhaps received with great joy; and for a time they endure, but lack the essential qualification of continued perseverance in well doing, through adversity as well as prosperity, even unto the end. With some it seems to consist of feelings, good resolutions and outward reformation. Such at least is an outline of my experience of the matter, and in some seasons of coldness

and general backsliding among Christians, I proceeded as much farther in open immorality and outbreking sins than in early life, as my opportunities were greater. Not only was I addicted to habits of licentiousness, card playing and drinking intoxicating liquors to excess, with other attendant vices, but at one time in particular, I seemed entirely abandoned by the Spirit of God, to fill up my cup with wrath. I longed for nothing so much as to be free from all restraint, and actually went to New York City, and there spent weeks in fruitless endeavors to obtain a berth on board some foreign bound vessel, that, on some far distant shore, unknowing and unknown, I might, unmolested, act out the desperate depravity of my heart. But sovereign grace and love prevented. The angel of the Lord was sent, as to one of old, to block up my way, and, in a very marked and striking manner to thwart my designs. — I might say, that most of these scenes, to which I have just alluded, transpired while I was a member of college, pursuing a course of education *professedly* for the Christian ministry, and to cap the climax, — I blush with shame while I write it, — under the care of the American Education Society! But even then I was not wholly lost to all the feelings of humanity, for at times I keenly felt my mean and degraded state, and when conscience would arouse herself and sternly whisper, — “be sure your sins will find you out,” — “for all this, a bitter day of reckoning is at hand,” — I could joyfully rejoin, “let it come;” for I was buoyed up with the hope that it would overtake me this side the grave and the judgment. From this time onward, I grew more and more sick of sin and dissatisfied with myself, groaning under an iron bondage, more oppressive and tyrannical than the worst form of southern slavery. I could fully enter into the spirit of the seventh chapter of Romans, but as yet my experience had carried me no farther than this, and to the deliverance spoken of in the eighth chapter, I was, of course, a stranger. At length, when brought almost to the verge of despair, oppressed with the heavy load of a hypocritical life, and not dreaming of any thing more than a temporary deliverance in this world, the Lord seemed to take my case into his own hands. It was six years ago last April, I believe, when one evening, after a season of the strivings of the Spirit to an unusual degree, I was led to make a full, honest, hearty surrender of all to God. It was not, however, until I had been brought to see that my prayers and tears could avail me nothing, that my own resolutions and solemn vows, signed and sealed, were worse than useless, and tried every other way and found them all to fail, that I became willing to die to sin and self. For three or four of the following days, it was indeed a time of God’s mighty power, and I was made willing to look my sins fully in the face, while instituting a rigid and particular review of the past. Now indeed my sins had found me out, and “the pains of hell gat hold upon me; I found trouble and sorrow.” It was entirely a matter between me and my God, into whose very audience chamber I seemed to be brought, and before whose bar I was arraigned, convicted, condemned. Although my cup of anguish seemed to be full, as I lay upon my bed-room floor, in view of the past, yet it was as nothing in the comparison, when I

came to realize that I could not be excused from making a full and frank confession of public as well as private sins, and therefore, to make restitution as far as lay within my power. To go to individuals whom I had meanly wronged, to stand up before the church by whom I had been considered as a brother Christian in good and regular standing, and there rehearse the long black catalogue of guilt; this was a crucifixion indeed to the flesh. From the time the conviction became fastened upon my mind that I must make myself fully known, my burden of soul increased, until I was glad of an opportunity by so doing to relieve my troubled spirit, although it appeared to me, I could expect nothing less than to be cut off from the confidence and esteem of my fellow men in the future, and have my name cast out as evil. At length, the work was accomplished. The Lord accepted the willing heart, when I supposed a long time must elapse before he could receive me into his favor. By this scourging from the hand of faithful love, I was taught, that it is indeed a bitter thing to sin against God, had some just views of the nature of sin, my stubborn will was entirely subdued, and the pride of my heart completely slain. God in Christ, the man Christ Jesus, as my Savior and Redeemer, was now revealed to my wondering, admiring eyes, and my heart ravished with his love. How it came about I cannot tell. But one morning, amid the exercises of mind which I have just described, after I had arisen, to engage as I supposed in new scenes of humiliation, shame and grief, instead thereof, I found myself in a heaven of joy, peace and love. The storm had passed, and in the unruffled calm which ensued, heightened by the contrast, no trace could be found of its progress over the wide expanse of the soul. There was no vision, no unearthly sights or sounds which met the eye or ear, but a solemn, deep, tranquil rest, with a joy in the Holy Ghost, which my imagination in her highest flights had never conceived of as the bliss of heaven. To convey any thing like an adequate idea of such a manifestation to those who know nothing about it by experience, would be impossible, and to those who do, it will be needless. These views continued with greater or less intensity for some days, each of which I supposed must be my last on earth, since they seemed too much like heaven to flourish in so uncongenial a climate. As soon, however, as I found that this was not to be the result, all my energies were concentrated upon one point of inquiry; "can this state of mind be perpetuated?" I had been brought into such relations in reference to sin, that the very idea of sinning again filled my mind with horror, and it was my sincere and ardent prayer to God, for it seemed to me to be in accordance with his will, that I might be taken out of the world, if there was a "needs be" for my sinning by remaining in it. Now it so happened, while I was investigating this subject, and searching the scriptures to know whether as a matter of fact I might live with a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man, that ten or a dozen numbers of the "Perfectionist," a paper at that time published in New Haven, Conn., were placed in my hands. This, was, I believe, during the summer of '35. Here my most sanguine expectations were more than realized, and being

naturally of an ardent temperament and having no competent spiritual guide, who will wonder, that I should eagerly devour unquestioned their whole contents, for the sake of one glorious, heaven-born principle which they advocated. It required a more practised eye than mine to detect the errors which satan had caused to be so artfully interwoven into the texture of this system. The idea of keeping a perpetual Sabbath to the Lord completely captivated my soul, and I could very readily consent to dispense with the shadow in the enjoyment of the substance. No doubt the giving up of means is one of its worst features, but the rock upon which I split was the idea, that by one act of faith, the responsibility of for ever being kept from sin is transferred to Christ. Upon this as eternal verity, I felt willing to stake every interest for time and eternity. Time rolled on. At length, (for I could not go so far as some, that I could not sin, whatever might be my outward acts,) at length, I could not but confess to myself, that I had sinned. One sin was as effectual as a thousand to break the spell and to cause me to cast away my confidence in the Lord. I felt, and rightly too, that a religion which could not suffice to keep me from every sin was not one which met the demands of my being. I had, however, forsworn the garb of the hypocrite and determined that henceforth, theory and practice must coincide. Here I was then, on a tempestuous sea, without chart, compass or rudder, all gone by the board, and exposed to the violence of the winds and waves. A night of Egyptian darkness ensued, and but one star visible above the horizon, and even that sometimes disappearing as though to rise no more. That star was the fondly cherished hope, that at some day, though a distant future, I should again hear from this subject; that though covered up with a mass of rubbish, there was at the bottom a vital principle which would eventually burst forth and illuminate the soul darkened by error and sin. That expectation was not a vain one, for I have lived to see that star usher in to my soul a bright and glorious morn, and for years the sun of righteousness has been pouring upon me his genial beams of light and life, producing joy and gladness through all the trials and vicissitudes of life. And now in the short space allotted me, how shall I best present to earth's weary, tempest-tossed sons and daughters, Jesus the crucified, as a full, free, triumphant Savior from all sin, a deliverer in every time of need;—yea more, who would have them consider "freedom from condemnation" as but the stepping-stone to the temple of the graces, that he may take them by the hand and lead them through its spacious and far reaching apartments, filled with the mysteries of the kingdom. Upon this topic language is poor and feeble at best, but I know of none so appropriate and significant as scripture representations, and if I were to select from these, so as in a word to express the rest of faith, its nature, and its privileges, it should be, "married to Christ." Its nature is that of the deep, fervent, ever endearing, all-absorbing love of an affectionate, faithful wife, without the fear of its ever proving idolatrous. Its privileges, all the blessings which a God can bestow with a heart of infinite love to prompt, and infinite wisdom to guide. No wonder that when brought into such an intimate and dear relation

to Christ, the soul should feel that the Savior, its bosom friend, is a *whole* Savior for *each* and *all* the ills of life, but also able to convert the king of terrors into a welcome messenger. O, nothing, surely, short of triumphant rapture will fill my soul in the certainty of his near approach, be it at what hour it may, although "my Redeemer to know," and his will to do on earth, constitute a heaven. But I must not dwell as I would fain do, upon this and kindred points of interest. A few words more and I have done. I have learned in my past experience, that it is one thing, though truly a great blessing, to have the "old man with his deeds" crucified, dead and buried; and quite another, to keep him from rising again from the dead. It has been elsewhere expressed by the terms, "entire," and "permanent sanctification." To have the entire sensibility sanctified, is indeed a great work; and in this I would include not only a purification of all the feelings and emotions, but a complete revolution in the habits of the mind and the associations of thought, so that the continual out-gushings from a heart of love shall be the language of joy, gratitude and praise. Again I have been taught, that emotions and feelings and joys, however ecstatic, possess no virtue in themselves, although they may be the natural consequent upon a view of truth, by a heart right in the sight of God. Closely allied to this is the error of following blind impulse, under the delusive impression that it is the Spirit of God. Here I had well nigh made shipwreck of faith and a good conscience. Another lesson of no small importance, and generally one of the last for a mind of an ardent temperament to learn, is a joyful resignation to the will of God in being laid aside and seeing him work by others. But upon these points I need not enlarge; for who that lives a life of faith on the Son of God does not prove in his own blessed experience from day to day that Christ is a most wonderful teacher, adapting himself to his or her peculiar temperament and individual wants, as much so, as though the only object of his care on earth. A life of faith! How pregnant with meaning the expression! "For this is the victory," says the Apostle, "which overcometh the world, even our faith." A faith which works by love, and purifies the heart, and overcomes the world, it is, which is as an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast, causing us to enter within the veil, whither Christ our forerunner hath gone, and to understand what he meant when he said on earth, "the kingdom of heaven is within you."

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For the Guide to Christian Perfection.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

DEAR BR. KING:—Having read the Guide with much interest and comfort, I shall be happy if I can add any thing to its pages in favor of the bless-

ed doctrine it teaches ; hoping that some desponding, doubting soul may be encouraged to believe and fearlessly plunge the cleansing fountain.

By the grace of God, I was induced, in the morning of my days, to attend to the strivings of the Spirit. I sought and soon found the pearl of great price ; and, for a considerable length of time, enjoyed the light of the reconciled countenance of my heavenly Father. This peaceful frame, however, did not always last ; for experience taught me, my foes were not all destroyed. Unbelief, my most powerful enemy, often brought me into captivity. Years passed and found me still wandering in the wilderness of unbelief ; frequently travelling over the same ground and making but little advancement. Sometimes I caught a glimpse of the promised land, and desired greatly to partake of its precious fruit ; but, like the distrustful Israelites, I feared I should never be able to possess it ; because my enemies were strong and powerful. Thus I passed eight years of my religious course ; although I endeavored to live consistently with my religious profession. At this time, I was made to feel deeply,

“T was worse than death, my God to love,
And not my God alone.”

Happy would it have been for me, had I then relied with persevering faith upon the never failing promises of God. Then might I have brought forth every thing which I felt opposed to the reign of the Savior in my heart, and had it slain at the foot of the cross. But this was too much for my weak faith to expect at the time. I saw the promised land *afar* off, and resolved to leave no means untried, which would give me the victory over my spiritual foes, and bring me nearer to the land of promise. I accordingly united in a band with a few kindred spirits, who like myself were seeking the full salvation of their souls ; and taking Wesley's rules for our guide, we hoped by watching, fasting, denying self and bearing the cross continually, we should crucify our sins and arrive at that state of mind where we could consistently expect God to apply the all-cleansing blood of Jesus to wash out the stains of sin from our souls. Not that I expected any thing on the ground of merit ; for I was fully sensible that could I keep the whole law, I should do no more than my duty, and should then be but an unprofitable servant. My error was, that I sought by works to prepare myself to exercise faith, believing the Lord could not consistently bless me, while there was any thing I was unwilling to do for his sake. I therefore went forward, neglecting nothing which I thought could be duty, whether in public or private. But instead of getting my heart into a better state, I continually saw it in a worse light. The fountain of the great deep of my depraved nature being broken up, I could only, with the publican, cry — “God be merciful to me a sinner.” I spent much time in prayer and searching the scriptures ; sometimes endeavoring to reach and take the blessing, which I firmly believed was not only my privilege, but duty to enjoy ; but could never believe fully, because I thought I was not quite in the right place. Thus passed many dreary months, and

found me frequently endeavoring to double my diligence in getting myself prepared for the coming of the Lord. Meanwhile I was exhorted to believe; to come to God as I was, and rest upon his promises. But this appeared to me too much like presumption. To me it appeared easier to create a world, than for the Savior to take possession of such a heart! Almost a year had passed, from the time when I decided to be wholly the Lord's, when a special means of grace was appointed. To this, I then looked forward with much interest, hoping and praying it might be the time when I should be delivered from the body of death with which I had so long been oppressed. But alas! the state of my mind can better be imagined than described, when at the close of the anticipated meeting, I found myself unblessed. I was now brought to a critical point, and knew not what to do. I saw it was vain for me to hope to be blessed in the way I had sought the year past; for notwithstanding I had endeavored to discharge my duty faithfully, yet I could see nothing but sin in all I had done; and I never had seen a moment when I appeared farther from God than at this time. I spent much time in prayer, searching the scriptures on my knees, for some sweet promise to shield me from despair, in this time of trial. But the Bible was a sealed book, and the heavens seemed brass over my head. I feared, yea, greatly feared I had so grieved the Holy Spirit by my unbelief, that he had taken his departure from me. But praised be the Lord, who leadeth the blind by a way they know not. A friend called to converse with me, who, by the blessing of God, was made the means of removing the scales of unbelief from my eyes. I was made sensible of the reason why I had so long wandered in darkness. It was because the pride of my heart had hindered me from humbly submitting to the righteousness of Christ by faith, instead of endeavoring to establish my own; or in either words, to find something good in my own heart. I now saw my great sinfulness in distrusting God and of praying in unbelief. From this moment, I raised my heart to the Savior in prayer, believing him a physician able to heal every disease of the soul. I retired to my room, threw myself on my knees, and opened my Bible at the 14th of John. I was greatly comforted, in reading the soothing address of the Savior to his disciples, and when I read the precious promise, "Whatsoever ye ask in my name, I will do;" it was effectually applied to me. It was now clear to me, that though I possessed such a depraved heart—a heart free from any native goodness; yet he, who is the end of the law for righteousness to them that believe, now bid *even me*, ask what I want and he would do it. I now felt it *my* privilege to believe the Savior would perform his word; and with childlike simplicity, asked for a clean heart. The calmness of a summer eve pervaded my spirit as I walked to a place where a humble few had met for prayer. I entered, and a sense of the presence of God rested upon me. I plead the promise, and felt that now was the time when I should be made clean in the blood of Christ. But the adversary of souls was not willing to relinquish his prey without a struggle. He caused my sins like mountains to tower around me, and suggested the temptation—can you expect these to be removed now?

I struggled a moment, and then again grasped the precious promise. Glory to my Savior, he not only comforted me with his word; but himself came to my rescue. I realized his presence, and felt that he presented me to God, the Father, clothed in his own righteousness. My sins were gone, God was reconciled, for Jesus had made a full atonement for my individual sins. Had I been the only sinner, and had I seen the Savior crucified for me, I could not have had a clearer view of the nature of sin, and the price paid for my redemption. I felt that God loved me for his Son's sake, and owned me for his child. O, amazing love! I rose and fell upon my knees, I wondered, and adored. Heaven came down to earth, and the glory of God surrounded me. I felt myself to be but a mote, as it were, wafted about on the ocean of the love of God, — yet with confidence, crying "Abba, Father." I felt indeed I was in Christ and Christ in God, and such was the union I enjoyed with the Father and Son, that with St. Paul, I could say — Nothing was able to separate me from the love of God. *I indeed was dead*, and my life hid with Christ in God. Self was crucified. I was no more my own, but was bought with a price! I was therefore the Lord's, wholly his, soul, body and spirit. To know and do his will, was now the only desire of my heart. I feared no cross, for I was alike regardless of the frowns and smiles of the world; the sword, the faggot or the rack, could not have daunted me; for Jesus was my all, and wherever he saw fit to send me, there he also was to support me.

My simple faith laid hold on every promise. I asked and received, and felt indeed I was in God, and his glory surrounded me. The veil was removed, and the way into the holy of holies was now made clear, by the blood of Christ. I felt that I stood upon its threshold. I drank at its pure fountain, and partook of its precious fruits. I saw before me an extended field, which was mine to explore. Very contrary to what I had anticipated, I had no ecstasy, no, nor even joy. A calm peace pervaded my whole soul, so sacred, that I feared to move, or speak, lest I should disturb the sweet communion which I enjoyed with Deity. I arose, however, and sung — "My God is reconciled," &c., and wished to speak of what the Lord had done for me; but found I was not beyond the power of temptation. I feared I should not be believed, and might convey wrong impressions, and so injure the precious cause; which, for my *life*, I would not have done. My peace, however, was like a river; broad, deep, and ever flowing. I returned home, a new person, and almost in a new world; wondering at the *unparalleled*, unspeakable love of God, to so unworthy and sinful a being as I was. All was of grace, free, unmerited grace! I wondered at my unbelief in refusing, so long, to let go my hold of self, and to fall into the arms of Jesus, which had ever been extended to receive and sanctify me, as unholy as I was. I now found the words of holy writ more precious than gold, for I received them as from the mouth of Deity directly to me. All this, I saw was only because he loved me, because I was the purchase of the precious blood of Jesus. This great salvation, I clearly saw, was not restricted to a few; but was for *all*; and for them now! if they would but believe and accept it.

For about six months, I went on, trusting in God at all times, and endeavoring to discharge every duty which God enjoined on me, and persuade all I could to believe and be made whole. About this time, I attended a camp-meeting, where I expected to receive a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost. It, however, proved a time of severe trial. A cloud darkened my spiritual horizon. This led me to ask the cause. I feared I had sinned; but felt no condemnation. The direct witness of the spirit was withdrawn, and I knew not what to do. Had I then had some experienced friend to have taught me still to hold on, by faith, in this trying hour, I might still have gone on in this good way. But not having seen or conversed with a single experienced friend since I first received it, and like many other unfortunate souls, I did not distinguish between sin and temptation. I reasoned with the adversary of souls, instead of looking to Jesus, the author and finisher of my faith, until I was induced to believe that if I was guilty of no other sin, I at least had yielded to unbelief! Then was my shield gone; and like Sampson, shorn of his locks, I had become as weak as another.

I need not speak particularly of my exercises during this time, and the time when I was again enabled to lay hold by faith, on the hope set before me, except it be to say, several times for short periods, I was enabled to exercise that faith which brought me near the bleeding side of my dear Redeemer. But not receiving new light, sufficient to make so deep an impression, as at first, I soon cast away my confidence. Having once tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, nothing short of this could satisfy my mind. I also knew, that I could not glorify and serve God without it; and when I exhorted others, my words returned to myself, and my inconsistencies appeared in its true light. But what could I do? Strange as it may appear, the same obstacles hindered me from coming directly to the throne, as at first. I was not penitent and humble enough. But to live without it, was but a living death. I resolved, deliberately resolved, to place myself once more on the sacred altar. I retired with a friend, and knelt before the Lord. I recalled this promise, knowing him to be immutable: "Whatsoever ye ask in my name, I will do it." I calmly and understandingly believed he would do as he promised; resolving never to remove my cause out of his hands. I asked not for happiness, but a clean heart; and this, I knew, was the will of God I should possess. And glory to his name, as unfit as I was in my own eyes, my Savior permitted me not to wait long. As soon as I had fully consecrated all to him, I was enabled to lay hold, by faith, upon my Savior, and the victory was won. Again I was brought nigh, by the blood of Jesus, to God, my reconciled Father. I now resolved, no more to distrust the willingness of God to bless, since he had so repeatedly bestowed his favor on one so unworthy. None need distrust or hesitate in the least; for he is a Savior well able to save from the power of sin, and impress his image on every heart that will submit to him.

A SINNER SAVED BY GRACE.

Some suppose that when once a soul is made perfect in love, it will be in a state in which it cannot sin. The scriptures teach us of a salvation from sin, but not from a liability to sin. Free agency renders us liable to sin; and the only way to destroy peccability, is to destroy free agency. — *Legacy*.

“O! how I hate those lusts of mine
 That crucified my God;
 Those sins that pierced and nailed his flesh
 Fast to the fatal wood.
 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
 My heart has so decreed;
 Nor will I spare the guilty things
 That made my Savior bleed.
 Whilst with a melting, broken heart,
 My murdered Lord I view,
 I'll raise revenge against my sins,
 And slay the murderers too.”

IMPORTANT.

We regret to soil our pages by a dun, but such is the neglect of a large number of our subscribers, that we cannot well avoid saying a word about our pay for the Guide. We have given some hints on the cover, but with many they seem ineffectual.

We would remind such that our terms are “PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.” And we ought to have a guaranty in the Christian character of such as read the Guide, that they will be *prompt*. One may say, My subscription is but a dollar; that can make but a little difference. True; neither would *one* hundred dollars withheld from us, be very seriously felt; but when we have some fifteen hundred or two thousand subscribers who owe us one dollar each, acting on this principle, the effect *must* be felt. We have to pay for our paper, printing, and other expenses from these \$1.00 subscriptions. Our delinquent friends can easily perceive what would be the result, if all our subscribers were as slack as themselves.

We feel constrained to call on all who owe for the present, or past volumes of the Guide to remit their payments forthwith.

Post Masters are authorised to remit money for periodicals free of expense, provided they themselves write the communication containing it.

In the above, we only demand bare justice. In addition to that, we hope for the love and prayers of all our subscribers.